

Mr. Rice,

I'd like to start out by saying I understand. I understand we made mistakes, I understand we hurt people, and I understand the position you're in as the judge on this case with the amount of outside pressure being applied at every turn. I want you to know in the end I harbor no hard feelings toward your judgement, but ask if I can have a moment of your time to explain my position and the steps I'm already taking toward rehabilitation. Recently, thanks to the support of Kittitas County we had the opportunity to be involved in AA and NA. It's amazing how much a little help from a stranger, whether it's advice or just an ear to bend, can make such a positive and ever lasting effect on your life. Paranoia, PTSD, constant anger, and recurring borderline depression for where I was headed in life were all products that were the outcome of the way I decided to live my life. To combat all these conflicting emotions and stress I turned to substance abuse and surrounded myself with such negative influences that instead of seeking a way out, I just dug myself deeper into a hole. It's because of this constant abuse I became trapped in a state of mind where I had convinced myself the only two ways out of the position I had found myself in was prison or death. It seems so ridiculous thinking that the ultimatum I had allowed myself to believe I had, that there was no other way out. Waking up everyday wondering if it was the last, if I was going to end up like so many other friends my age shot dead in the streets, paranoid to



to the point getting four hours of sleep a night was a luxury only ever found at the bottom of a bottle. When I was finally incarcerated and sat in my cell the first night, I remember just simply breathing. It felt like I had been holding my breath my entire life and all the stress and weight of the world was lifted off my shoulders. I could breathe because it was finally over, I could be free of the shackles that held me in my mind to the way of life I had been living. A life where money was prioritized over everything else, including my family and my own well being. It took me breaking down the boundaries of my life to a room full of strangers to realize this all about myself. I feel pretty stupid to sit here now realizing how much more to life there is and how I've thrown away so much already under the assumption I was living the life constantly glorified in movies and rap music. I want you to know Mr. Rice, I know now my life has more meaning to it, I know my life matters, I know how wrong and completely skewed my perception on what was important and the values and standards I should have carried myself to. I plan to continue AA and NA throughout my sentence so I can continue bettering myself. My goal is to become a certified drug counselor so that when I'm released I can try and make a positive impact in someone's life like how all the men and volunteers at Kittitas County made in mine. My biggest goal is to accomplish something I never thought I'd be able to do, and that's further my education. I plan on



leaving prison with as much schooling as I can so I can become a more productive member of society when I'm released. I've not only disappointed my family but I've let down myself. I have three younger siblings I'm supposed to be a role model to that I've neglected and can only hope to inspire through the actions I take while incarcerated. Whether it be getting a degree or a certificate and making them all proud. I have goals and I have a plan but I can't help but look for help from a stranger once again, Mr. Rice, please allow me the opportunity to prove not only my family but also my community that your past doesn't define who you can become if you're willing to change, which is all I'm asking the chance to prove. I appreciate you taking the time to hear what I had to say.

Thank you

Sincerely, Caleb Carr